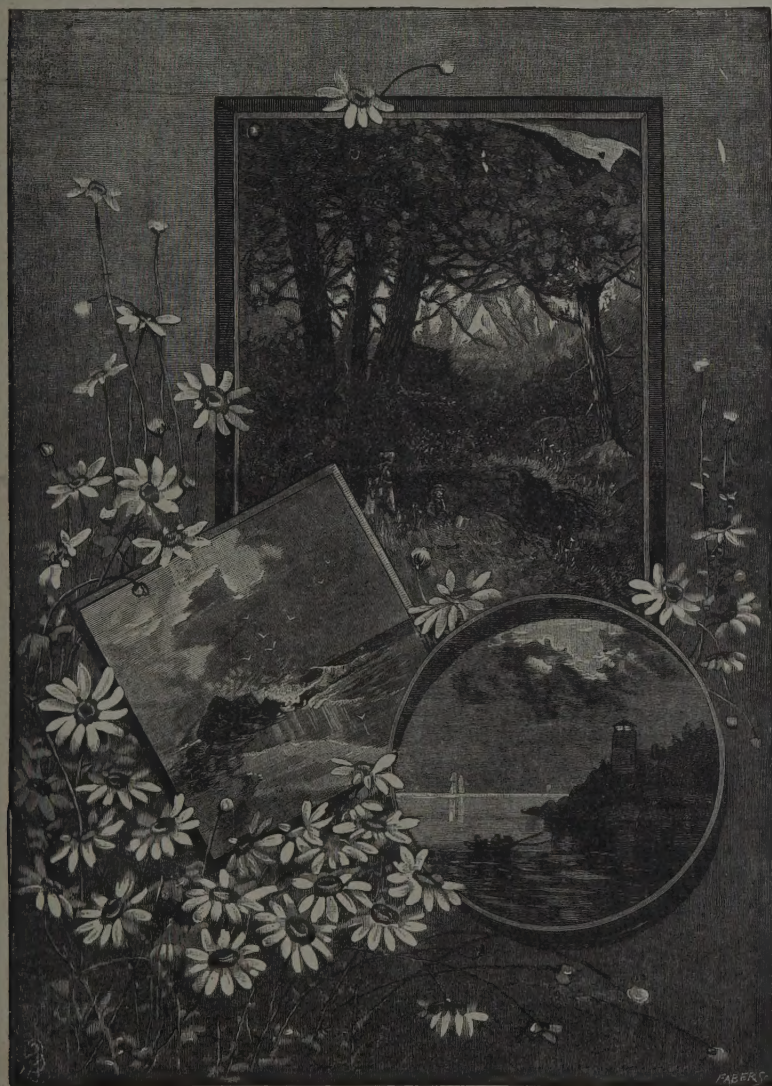


# EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXI.—No. 22. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

JULY 1, 1906.



SEA AND SHORE.

THE best things are nearest,—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

*We are either progressing or retrograding all the while: there is no such thing as remaining stationary in this life.*

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

*As on the sea of Galilee the Christ is whispering "Peace!"*

J. G. WHITTIER.

*The whole freedom of man consists either in spiritual or civil liberty.* MILTON.

## OUR COUNTRY.

WITH peace that comes of purity  
And strength to simple justice due,  
So runs our loyal dreams of thee;  
God of our fathers! make it true.

O Land of lands! to thee we give  
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;  
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,  
And at thy need shall die for thee!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

*For Every Other Sunday.*

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

MISS Appleton came to Woodville to teach school. Miss Appleton was a progressive teacher, although not in the grades, for Woodville was a beautiful little village on the outskirts of the town, and its school was mixed. Once it was called the district school.

The school year was so divided that the summer term closed the week after the Fourth of July. And, as there was to be a large celebration at the centre of the town,—indeed several towns combined to celebrate the nation's birthday,—Miss Appleton thought it a good idea for the children to review events leading up to the Revolution in 1776.

The last day of June was Friday. Often Miss Appleton had some bright, special exercise for the last afternoon of the week. She was a teacher on the lookout for her pupils' best welfare. When an item of interest or current event came to her knowledge, she would say, "Wouldn't this be a good thing for my boys and girls?" and set about making it such.

The last day of June she said, "We will read from our histories something of the condition of the American colonies previous to the war which gained for them independence." The pupils liked to hear the teacher speak thus. They knew something pleasant was before them. "We will begin with Mary Brown."

And Mary read: "Before entering upon the stirring events of the Revolution, it will be of interest to glance at the general condition of the colonies.

"There were thirteen: four in New England,—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut; four Middle Colonies,—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware; five Southern,—Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

"All had grown and prospered. The elements of power were everywhere present.

"A wilful, patriotic, and vigorous race of democrats had taken possession of the New World.

"Institutions unknown in Europe, peculiar to the west, made necessary by the conditions and surroundings of the colonies, had sprung up and were taking deep root in American soil.

"Such were the American colonies, such the people whose budding nationality was now to be exposed to the blasts of war.

"These people whose ancestors had been driven into exile by exactions of the European governments and bigotry of ecclesiastical power had become the rightful proprietors of the New World. They had fairly won it from savage man and savage nature. They had subdued and builded states within it.

"They owned it by all the claims of actual possession,—by toil and trial, by privation and hardship. No wonder that patriotism was the child of such discipline!

"No wonder that the men who from mountain and sky and river, from orchard and valley and forest, from memories of the past and hopes of the future, had taken in the spirit of liberty, were ready to draw the sword against the venerable monarchy of England."

"Now," said the teacher, "we may form some opinion of the spirit that pervaded the 'Old Thirteen,' something of the spirit that animated our ancestors and fired their resolution to the daring act of Independence signed July 4th, 1776, in Philadelphia. That act declaring our country free from the rule of Britain, throwing off the yoke of the Mother Country, was the birth of our nation. Henceforth the United Colonies were the United States. But war had already begun. We will listen now to some of the *causes* of the war. Edgar Harris may read."

"The most general cause of the American Revolution was the right of arbitrary government claimed by Great Britain and denied by the colonies. When the English government began to enforce the principal by practice, the colonies resisted."

"Walter Bardwell, another cause." And he read:

"Another cause of the Revolution was found in the national disposition and inherited character of the colonists.

"They were for the most part republicans in politics and dissenters in religion. The people of England were monarchists and High Churchmen.

"The colonists had never seen a king. The Atlantic lay between them and the British ministry. The people of America had not forgotten, could not well forget, the circumstances under which their ancestors came to the New World.

"For six generations the colonists had managed their own affairs and shown themselves able to do so."

"These free-born people," explained the teacher, "could not brook the interference of the king to tell them how and what to do.

"Besides, they had not that loyalty, that love, that direct subjects of a crown may cherish. They had never seen a king. The ocean rolled between, and, when the government officers cut down their liberty poles and denounced town meetings, an insult was offered not to be forgotten.

"Another cause was the growth of public opinion. Advanced thinkers were saying, twenty years before, complete separation from England must come. But the mass was slow to accept such radical views.

"And another cause without doubt was the

king himself, George III.,—a man whose ideas of personal rights were considerably limited.

"Descendants of Pilgrims and Quakers would hardly get on smoothly with such a king or the ministry he would summon.

"We will hear from Helen Towne of the more immediate causes of the war."

"The more immediate cause of the war was the passage by Parliament of a number of acts destructive to colonial liberty,—the question of taxation.

"The American colonists claimed full rights of Englishmen. Now came acts which the colonists resisted.

"A tax was put upon many goods imported into the colonies. It was enacted in England that no iron works should be erected in America: the manufacture of steel was forbidden, also the felling of pines outside of certain enclosures. In March, 1765, the celebrated Stamp Act was passed, to be enforced after the 1st of the following November.

"The Americans were thoroughly aroused.

"The sun of American liberty is set," wrote Benjamin Franklin from Europe. "Now we must light the lamps of industry and economy." "Be assured," was the reply, "we shall light torches of another sort." And so strong was the resistance to the Stamp Act that by the 1st of the following November there were scarcely stamps enough left in the country to furnish aftertime with specimens.

"In 1773 an attempt was made to enforce the tea tax. But there was no demand for tea.

"The people of the colonies would neither use nor buy, and ship loads rotted at the wharves.

"Thus causes pressed on. A crisis must come. The day of battle was at hand.

"When the Declaration of Independence was made the fourth day of July, 1776, Great Britain became aware that her daughter across the sea was spirited and brave.

"The signers and framers of that immortal document gave all for their country when their names were placed upon the parchment roll. Well they knew if England were victorious their lives would be hunted without mercy or pardon. Brave old patriots worthy our gratitude and remembrance!"

"Now," said Miss Appleton, I think we understand something of our natal day; and, when sunrise and sunset guns boom, and our dearly bought flag waves over us, shall we not pledge ourselves anew to our home and land however young we may be?"

And the lesson ended. But a new meaning of the glory of the American Fourth of July had come to the young minds of Woodville.

#### THE FOURTH.

DEAR noisy day, with fife and drum  
And guns and bells and horns you come;  
But, welcome still, you bring once more  
Brave memories of the days of yore,  
When Freedom the first rapturous thrill  
Of broken thralldom knew,  
And sang the thirteen morning stars  
Together in the blue!  
Dear day! Times change, and hearts grow old,  
Bring back the patriot fire of old!

*Selected.*

THE great aim of Christianity is not to teach men the glory of the life to come, but the sacredness of the life that now is.

*The Outlook.*

#### SHIP OF STATE.

I GIVE you all the Ship of State:

Freedom's last venture is her priceless freight;  
God speed her, keep her, bless her, while she steers

Amid the breakers of unsounded years.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*For Every Other Sunday.*

#### A FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

SQUIRE BROWN always liked to have marching at a picnic. People who had known the squire when he was a young man said it was because he had once been captain of a company, and it sort of made him renew his youth to stand in front of a crowd of people and lead the way.

So, when he overheard the Parmenter boys say in Deacon Hunt's store, one day, that they were getting up a picnic for the Fourth, and that it was to be on Goodman's Hill, a mile and a half away, he immediately stepped up to them and said, "You'll want to march, of course?"

Some of the boys said yes, and some said no. The "no" boys were those who had marched to picnics before, and who knew how tiresome it was on a hot day to hear Squire Brown's everlasting, "Keep in step, boys, and stand up straight! Look at me!" And then the squire would stiffen his tall, gaunt form, throw back his head, and stride on, imagining that the boys were admiring his erect figure, whereas most of them were wriggling and grimacing and cutting up all sorts of shins behind his back.

The "yes" boys carried the day, however, and among them was Merrick Parmenter. There was an old drum of his uncle's under the attic eaves that his fingers had been itching for a year to play the drum-sticks on. Here was his chance.

"Want to drum for the march?" exclaimed the delighted squire, when Merrick made his timid request. "Of course you shall! Got a drum?"

"I know where I can get one if my uncle will let me take it," answered Merrick.

"Guess you'll get enough of marching to a picnic with Squire Brown," the "no" boys confided after the squire had left them. But Merrick and the rest of the "yes" boys were willing to try it. And, as soon as Merrick had got his uncle's consent to use the drum, he spent the next three days learning how to use it; for he soon found that to want to drum and to drum were two entirely different things.

Then another thing bothered him,—he hadn't any drum-strap. As no one about the house seemed very much interested to procure him one, he set his own wits to work, and found that a pair of his father's old suspenders made an excellent support for the somewhat cumbersome drum.

There is usually considerable noise attending picnics, especially Fourth of July ones. So, if Merrick's flying drum-sticks did not keep perfect time with the musical notes of the fife, no one was much the wiser.

Squire Brown looked more like an animated yard-stick than ever, as he strode on ahead of the merry procession; and the boys who had been so eager to march began to wish that the picnic ground was not so far away, and to lag a little before they reached Goodman's Hill,—all but the drummer. And, even when a cannon-cracker exploded in front of him and set Lucy Bacon's dress on fire, he kept on drumming until Squire Brown called out: "Stop a minute, boy! Something's happened."

Lucy's dress was of a thin white material and the flames instantly enveloped it. The procession came to a halt, and the little girl was quickly wrapped in Squire Brown's coat, he being the only man who had worn a woolen one. This smothered the flames, but not until Lucy was so badly burned that it was necessary to take her home. But how?

Some one suggested the drum. It was large, and Lucy was a tiny girl. So the drum-strap was removed from Merrick's shoulder and hung over Squire Brown's. This brought the drum up high. Then the little sufferer was seated on it, and Squire Brown laid one arm tenderly around the burned shoulders, while with the other he steadied the drum, and thus they slowly retraced their steps.

Having left Lucy at her home, where she was tenderly cared for, Squire Brown and the little drummer rejoined the picnickers. Here Merrick was the hero of the day, because his drum had carried the wounded child safely to her home.

At night, when Merrick laid his tired head upon his pillow, it was hard for him to decide which ached most, the shoulder that had carried the drum or the busy little fingers that had kept the drum-sticks in such constant motion.

Long years after, when he himself was captain of a company, he was often heard to declare that the proudest moment of his life was the day he marched along the village street bearing his uncle's drum suspended from his shoulder by a pair of his father's old suspenders.

#### VACATION TIME.

ROADSIDE roses where I pass  
Tempt each daring lad and lass;  
Naught care they, the pirates bold,  
For the thorns the branches hold.  
"Even thorns are sweet," they say,  
"In a happy holiday!"  
Hear them call with laugh and shout,  
"School is out! yes, school is out!"

Every wind that wanders by  
Laughing says, "July! July!"  
Every brook that murmuring goes  
Just the way of singing shows.  
I must sing a happy rhyme,  
For 'tis sweet vacation-time,  
For your sakes, who are so gay,  
Boys and girls, I sing to-day.

ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

*For Every Other Sunday.*

#### TOMMY'S ANNIVERSARY.

BY AMY V. BEAL.

"GRANDPA," said Tommy Paton, at breakfast, "to-morrow is my anniversary. Can't I celebrate?"

"Anniversary!" exclaimed grandpa. "Tut, tut, what do you mean?"

"Why, it's just a year to-morrow since you 'dopted me," explained Tommy.

"Bless the boy, so it is," said grandma, smiling at him. "And you want to celebrate in some nice way, don't you, dear?"

"Yessum," said Tommy.

"Of course he does," said grandpa, leaning over to pat Tommy's head. "What kind of a time will you have, boy?"

"I don't know, sir, whatever grandma says; but I wish the 'Home' boys could be in it."

Tommy had been taken from the Little Wanderers' Home the year before, and adopted by the kind old couple he called "grandma" and "grandpa"; but he still had a great affection

for his old friends at the institution, and used to visit them now and then and have a good romp. They heard glowing accounts of his home and his new grandparents, and each boy had his own idea of what Tommy's "duck of a grandma" looked like.

"How many 'Home' boys are there?" asked grandpa after thinking a moment.

"There are only fifty now," answered Tommy, eagerly.

"Tut, tut, only fifty!" exclaimed grandpa, holding up his hands in pretended horror.

Grandma laughed softly. "I guess I can get them in somehow," she said. "You go and invite them this morning, grandpa. Tommy's going to have a fine 'anniversary.'"

So grandpa and Tommy went to the Home, and, after the matron had accepted their formal invitation, Tommy was allowed to see the boys and tell them what a good time they were going to have. Some joyous shouts went up, and Tommy left them very much excited over his news.

Grandma was busy all day preparing for the "celebration," as she called it; and Tommy hovered about in blissful excitement, only too ready to run errands or do anything grandma wished.

The next morning seemed very long to him, in spite of his being kept busy; but promptly at two o'clock his guests presented themselves at the door. They seemed a little army as they marched two by two into the house; but grandma had a smile and a pat for each boy, and grandpa gravely shook hands with them and asked them to walk into the sitting-room.

Fortunately it was a large room, and accommodated the fifty youngsters easily, and they were soon feeling quite at home as they eagerly listened to one of grandpa's most exciting Western stories. Grandma passed around gingerbread animals and the fattest taffy-on-a-stick, and left sighs of satisfaction behind her.

After the story there were games, all the old ones grandpa could think of and all the boys' favorites; and they played till they could think of no more, and then came supper! And that was the best fun of all!

Grandma, knowing that she had not room to seat fifty boys, had conceived the idea of making supper another game, and she and Deborah now brought in a luncheon-basket for each boy.

"Now boys," said grandma, with her sweet smile, "we are going to play that we are all out deep-sea fishing, and the floor is the ocean. You must each find a boat to sit in, and don't fall into the water or drop your basket of provisions!"

The boys entered into the play with great glee, and those who could not get chairs for boats sat on the rugs, and said they were fishing from islands. Grandpa called them a fishing fleet off the Grand Banks.

"My," he cried, pretending to shiver when he saw that the baskets were empty, "how cold it is getting! I think an iceberg must be floating our way. Yes, here it is."

The iceberg was grandma with the ice-cream; and how the boys laughed at the joke! They entered into the spirit of it, too, and turned their coat collars up to keep warm while eating the cream; and grandpa talked about the fearful weather and asked them to hear the wind whistling about the masts.

The matron came for her charges at half-past five, and they all tried to tell her at once what a glorious time they had had.

Grandma kissed each boy as he left and gave him a taffy, and grandpa left a jack-knife in each hand he shook.

Tommy danced about and shouted "Good-bye!" from the doorway as his guests went down the steps; and one little fellow turned around to wave his taffy and cry: "Three cheers for 'grandma' and 'grandpa'! Say, Tommy, I wish you'd get 'dopted again!"

*It has been said that true religion will make a man a more thorough gentleman than all the courts of Europe.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

*For Every Other Sunday.*

#### TEDDY'S ONE WINDOW.

BY ROBERT HICKS.

PAUL came into the little room where his schoolmate sat with his lame knee resting on some pillows. He said, almost as soon as he had dropped his nearly empty basket on the floor with a much louder thud than he had meant it should make, "Can't see much out of your one window, can you, Teddy?"

"Yes, I can look away on the hills where the checkerberries grow," smiled Teddy. "Don't you remember how large they were there last spring?"

"Fine? I should say so! Never tasted any like them."

And then Paul looked his chum over with wonder. "But you'll have to wait until next spring before you get anything fine from there. The checks are awfully small this fall. I've got you a few, and some leaves, in the basket, though."

"Thank you," said Teddy. "I saw you over there, and knew you'd bring me something."

"And I suppose you saw me under the old butternut-tree, too," Paul said, as he laid out the checkerberry leaves with quite a pucker on his face. "Don't see where all the nuts went to. Thought I should get lots from that tree. Ha, ha, that butternut is another thing that you can see from your one window!"

"Yes, I've looked at it a good deal since I've been in here," said the lame boy. "I'm going to climb that tree some day."

"Some day? Pray, what comfort can you get out of that, when you wouldn't find a nut on the tree? And what else can you see with those blinkers of yours that are twinkling in such a funny way?"

"I can see the big haystack down in the meadow."

"Ha, ha, you funny boy! That's what you tumbled off of when you hurt your knee. You'd almost got done helping your father build it, too. That haystack must be very consoling."

"Yes, and there goes another of your objects of interest," Paul added, as he caught sight of a crow flying toward the woods. "Isn't he a lively, cheerful color? And his music is fine!"

"I've watched him a good deal lately, too," said Teddy, merrily. "All the three days when the most of you folks were gone away to the State fair, Mr. Crow was busily carrying off the butternuts from that tree, and hiding them away in the haystack. He seemed to think it great fun. And, if you'll go down and dig them out, we'll have some fun that will make you think that I see quite a lot from my one window."

"Don't wonder your eyes twinkled," laughed Paul, as he hurried off to the haystack with a basket much bigger than his own.

*It is not work that kills men: it is worry. Work, good honest labor, is healthy.*

H. W. BEECHER.

## WORSHIP.

ALL that's good and great and true,  
All that is and is to be,  
Be it old or be it new,  
Comes, O Father, all from Thee.

Mercies dawn with every day,  
Newer, brighter than before;  
And the sun's declining ray  
Layeth others up in store.

Not a bird that doth not sing  
Sweetest praises to Thy name,  
Not an insect on the wing  
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

Every blade and every tree,  
All in happy concert ring,  
And in wondrous harmony  
Join in praises to their King.

GODFREY THRING.

For Every Other Sunday.

## MARGIE'S LESSON.

BY SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

"I AM afraid Margie must have a severe lesson to cure her of being so wilful," said Margie's mother.

Margie's father laughed good-naturedly. "She is getting to be rather a spoiled child," he said.

It was the day before the Fourth of July, and, when something was said about fireworks and cannon crackers and torpedoes, Margie began to kick and scream. "I don't want fireworks and can' crackers and 'pedoes," she cried. "I don't want any of those howid things. I want Cwismas twee!—I'm going to have Cwismas twee!"

"A Christmas tree on the Fourth of July? Who ever heard of such a thing?" Margie's father and mother laughed at her, and coaxed and reasoned with her, and her father even brought out the box of noisy Fourth of July things he had bought; but she turned away her face and refused to look at them.

"I want Cwismas twee!—I'm going to have Cwismas twee!" she screamed.

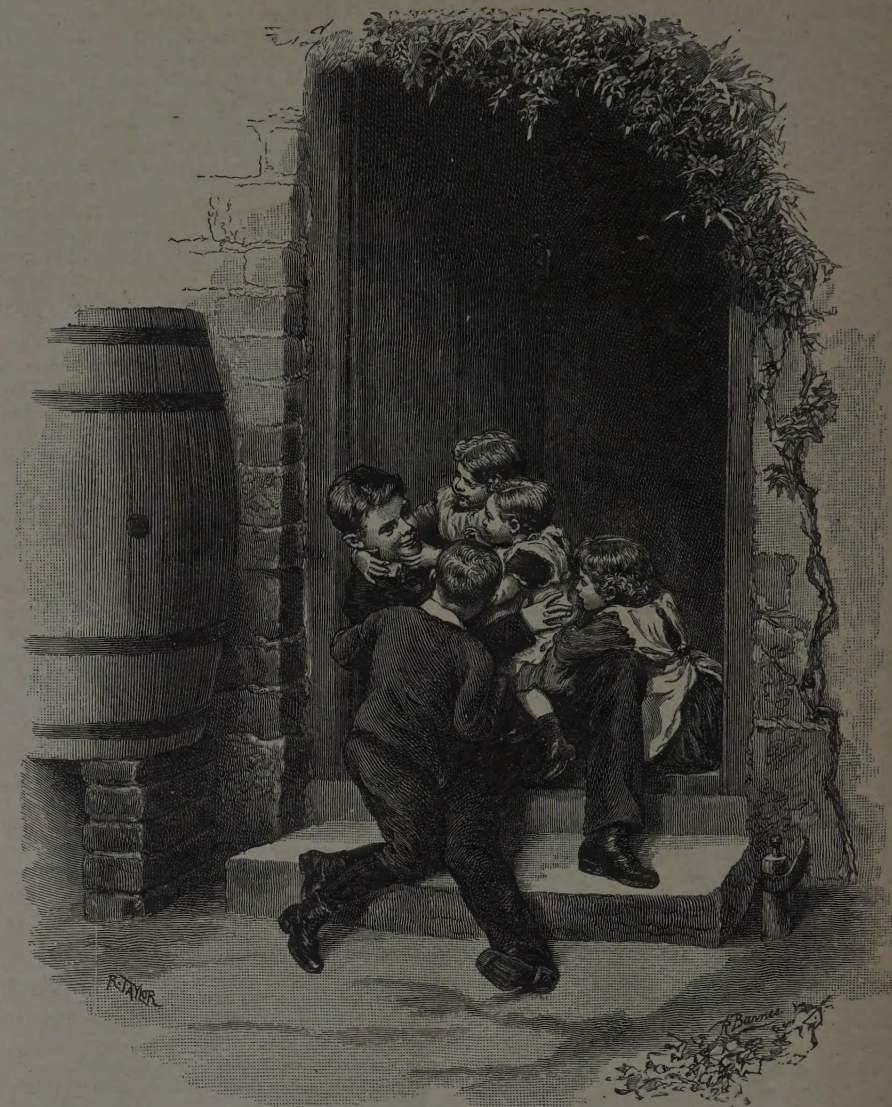
"But, Margie," her mother said, as she took the little girl in her arms and carried her off to bed, "if we let you have a Christmas tree tomorrow, you couldn't have one on Christmas day,—only noisy Fourth of July things."

Surely, that should have made Margie more reasonable. But, no: she brushed away her tears and smiled sweetly. "Oh, I'm going to have a Cwismas twee," she cried joyously. And she went to sleep chattering to herself about her Fourth of July Christmas tree.

And what do you suppose she dreamed? She thought it was the Fourth of July, and, while the fire-crackers were popping in the neighboring yards, Margie was in the house playing with her new toys under her Christmas tree; and, while the other children with whom she usually played were eating ice-cream and cake, she was eating candy and popcorn. It all seemed very funny.

But it wasn't quite so funny when night came and she wanted to sit up and see the fireworks in the square. "No, dear," her mother said, "you must go to bed early, after the excitement of your Christmas tree." And she went downstairs laughing.

It did not seem but a little while to Margie in her dream till the real Christmas came. "I wonder what Santa Claus will bring me this year," said Margie. "I want a new sled, and a



A SURPRISE.

new doll, and a set of dishes, and a little stove, and some new books."

Mamma smiled. "You forget, dear, that you are going to have your Fourth of July this Christmas."

Margie looked very sober. "What!" she said, "won't I have any presents at all? Can't I just hang up my stocking?"

"Hang up your stocking on the Fourth of July! Why, no, indeed! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

Margie looked still more sober. She knew other little girls were going to have beautiful times with their Christmas trees and presents and parties.

But on Christmas day, when it came, there was no tree nor any presents for Margie. Her father took her a walk and fired off her cannon crackers and torpedoes for her, but it wasn't much fun in cold weather. She teased to go to the Sunday-School Christmas tree in the evening; but they told her no, not on the Fourth of July. Her father touched off the fireworks

in the back yard, as soon as it was dark, and then she went to bed and cried very hard.

All at once she heard a great popping and banging noise, and she woke with a start. The sun was shining brightly into her room. She jumped up and looked out of the window. There wasn't any snow on the ground: instead, it was covered with green grass. The trees were full of leaves, and the air was soft and warm. She ran downstairs in her bare feet and peeped into the sitting-room. There was no Christmas tree in sight.

"Mamma, mamma," she called.

"What is it, dear?" her mother said, coming in from the dining-room.

"What day is this?" asked Margie.

"Why, the Fourth of July."

"The really and truly Fourth?"

"Yes, really and truly. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I don't believe I want a Cwismas twee to-day."

Mamma laughed. "I'm glad you have decided to be a sensible little girl."

*Books are the beehives of thought, laconics the  
honey taken from them.*  
JAMES ELLIS.

### GOD'S LOVE.

God's love is written on the tree that skyward  
lifts its head;  
'Tis painted on the lily's cup, gorgeous in white  
and red;  
It swells aloft in bird notes clear, murmurs in  
rhythm low  
Of mountain brook and waterfall, in ocean's  
ebb and flow.  
  
It greets us with the rising sun; blesses in drops  
of rain;  
Touches our brow with soft caress of winds,—  
and e'en the pain  
That enters into human life and plows its way  
with tears  
Has written as its wise intent: God's love e'en  
thus appears.

HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

*For Every Other Sunday.*

### LETTERS FROM SCOTLAND, NO. V.

BY AUNT SUE.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

*My dear little girls,*—When I last wrote you, Grandma Allan was just beginning to tell the story of "The Lady of the Lake." I wish you could have heard her pleasant, Scotch voice, and watched her while she talked.

"Many years ago," she said, "Scotland had a king called James V. Some of the Highlanders did not like their king, and sometimes his friends fought for him against these same Highlanders, and made them prisoners.

"The king was fond of wandering about the country where he was not known. Many of his subjects had never seen him, so it was often quite easy to pass himself off for some one else, and he used to say that he learned more about his people in this way than in any other.

"One time when he was hunting in the "Trossachs," his horse fell and died near Lake Katrine, the lake which we shall see to-morrow. He blew a blast on his horn, to call his friends to come and help him.

"A girl named Ellen Douglas heard him, and came paddling her boat to the rock where he stood, and, seeing that he was in trouble, she kindly took him (not knowing who he was) to her island, where her aunt Margaret entertained him, and invited him to pass the night at her house.

"The next day he left them, carrying with him very pleasant recollections of these ladies, especially of Ellen. Her father, who was not on friendly terms with the king, was away from home at the time.

"After a while the king came again to Lake Katrine. This time he came to see Ellen. He offered to marry her, and, as there was much fighting among the mountains near them, between his friends and the Highlanders, he wished to take her away to Sterling Castle,—a place of safety in time of war.

"Ellen refused to marry James FitzJames (or Snowdown's Knight as the king called himself) because she was the promised wife of Malcolm Graeme. Now she did not know that she had refused to marry a king; but, even had she known, she would not have broken her word to Malcolm.

"Although James FitzJames (the king) was sorry that Ellen could not marry him, he was not angry with her; and he had such respect for her character that he gave her a ring, tell-



LOCH KATRINE AND BEN VENUE.

(See Article.)

ing her, if she should have any trouble, and should want any help from him or his friends, to show the ring, and it would be of service to her.

"Soon after, Roderick Dhu, Ellen's cousin, was wounded in an encounter with the king, and was taken prisoner. For other reasons were her father and her lover made prisoners also. All this made her very sorrowful; but she thought of the ring, and so started right off for the castle, an old minstrel going with her to show the way.

"When she arrived there, she asked to see the king; and, when the man who guarded the door saw the ring which she carried, he took her to a beautiful room, and bade her wait there. The next morning James FitzJames appeared, and she asked his help. He said he would take her to the king, and so guided her to a room filled with gayly dressed people, where she noticed that every one's head (except his own) was uncovered. He alone wore a cap, and on it was fastened a beautiful plume. When she saw this, then she knew that her friend, James FitzJames, was the king. Scott tells the story in this way," said Grandma Allan.

"Midst furs and silks and jewels' sheen,  
He stood in simple Lincoln green,  
The centre of a glittering ring—  
And Snowdown's Knight was Scotland's King."

"Ellen was now so frightened that she could not speak. So she fell on her knees in silence before the king, and showed the ring, and her father's freedom was given.

"Then she begged for the life of Roderick Dhu, but was told that God alone could save his life, for he was dying of his wounds.

"Hast thou no other captive friend to save?" asked King James, and Ellen, blushing, turned from him and gave the ring to her father, as if she wished him to speak for her. But the king, guessing her wishes, called, 'Malcolm, come forth!' and at those words Malcolm knelt before him. Then,

"His chain of gold the king unstrung,  
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,

Then gently drew the glittering band,  
And laid the clasp—on Ellen's hand."

We were all so interested in grandma's story that we sat very quiet for a moment after she had finished. Then Bobbie spoke up. "Pooh!" said he, "I wouldn't be so afraid of a king. When we go to England, you'll see what I'll do if I happen to meet King Edward." And Bobbie put his hands in his pockets, and strutted up very tall.

Uncle John calls Bobbie, "little socialist." You children must ask papa what that means.

The next day being fair, we started for the "Trossachs." That word "Trossachs" means bristling, and the country did seem to be fairly bristling with hills and mountains. Between them many lakes could be seen. There was the big mountain Ben Lomond, and Ben Ledi, Ben An, and Ben Venue.

"Why do they call the mountains Ben?" asked Mary Chase.

"Because Ben means mountain," explained Grandma Allan. "It is the same as saying Mount Lomond and Mount Ledi. In Wales, and in some other countries the word 'Pen' stands for mountain."

I hope you may come here some time, my dearies, and see these beautiful blue lakes, or "lochs," as they call them. We hired a boat and rowed around that same Loch Katrine that Scott tells us of in this story, and we landed on Ellen's Isle.

"I'll be the king," said Bobbie, marching ahead.

"Which of us shall be Ellen?" laughed Mary.

"Hush!" whispered her brother. "There she is now, behind that tree—there! there! Don't you see her?—and, oh, there's her aunt Margaret, too!" And Bobbie tiptoed among the bushes, and came face to face with—whom do you think? Why, Matilda Morgan and her aunt. We were all very much surprised, of course. I was sorry, too, to see Matilda more interested in a box of chocolates which she carried than in the beautiful country around her.

"I thought you were Ellen," cried Bobbie.

"Who's Ellen?" said Matilda, popping a chocolate into her mouth, and quickly shutting the box, lest the little fellow should get a peep inside of it.

"Why, Matilda," said Margaret, "he means a girl in a story who lived on this island. Her name was Ellen, and," she added, with a sly little smile, "if she were here now, she would probably give all her chocolates to the king." Every one laughed; but Matilda turned red, and, I am glad to say, she opened her box and invited all to partake of its contents.

We wandered about the island a long time, and stood on the rock where Scott says the king blew the blast that brought Ellen to his side. We tried the echoes by calling "Ellen!" "Malcolm!" and "Roderick Dhu!" and the names came back to us as plainly as though some one was really calling.

Last night we returned to Edinburgh, and Matilda and her aunt came with us.

After a long talk with Grandma Allan, Matilda's aunt arranged to place her niece in care of a lady in England, a cousin of grandma, while she (the aunt) goes to Italy for her health.

This plan pleases us very much, for in consequence of it grandma and Margaret will be with us much longer than we expected. They will all go to England with us, and Grandma Allan will see Matilda safely in the home of the cousin, who has several other children in her care, and who will, we hope, be able to make an improvement in this very troublesome little girl.

My own little nieces at home have their faults, I know; but I am sure they are not quite so selfish as Matilda.

Watch out, my dearies, and don't let this habit (selfishness) creep upon you; for it is hard to get rid of, because oftentimes we don't know that we have it, when it is very plain to every one else.

Good-bye, my little ones. If I hear that you enjoy my Scotch letters, perhaps I shall send you some English ones.

Affectionately,  
AUNT SUE.

#### THE TABLES TURNED.

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double:

Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Enough of science and of art;  
Close up these barren leaves;  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

For Every Other Sunday.

#### DOINGS IN STRAWBERRY TOWN.

BY ELIZABETH MURRAY WALLING.

FIRST let me tell you something about Strawberry Town and what kind of people live there, then you can understand my story better.

This queer little village has grown up on a beautiful hillside, which slopes away to the south toward the Lehigh Valley Railroad. It was begun three years ago, when Uncle Will laid out its avenues very straight in cross rows, making ditches between them for drainage, and set the leaf houses within neighborly distances all up and down. The houses are built just alike, and all are painted the same shade of green. Funny, isn't it?

At first there were not any people among the houses. But after a while one family appeared, and then another, with a dozen or two members in a bunch, until there were more than you could count. They came about the last of May, and by July every one of them had moved away. I wonder where they went! I noticed that the babies in Strawberry Town all wore white dresses exactly alike, scooped around the bottom in the daintiest fashion imaginable. The older children dress in pale green, and are peaked, tough-looking little fellows. The biggest boys and girls have better figures and more color. They wear green, too, with tiny yellow polka dots scattered over their robes. But you should see the grown-up folks in their splendid uniforms of crimson and scarlet figured with the same polka dots, only bigger and yellower. They look fat and proud enough to burst. All the folks in Strawberry Town wear green hats with the rims cut in points, too cunning for anything. Now for my story.

One evening not long ago I heard a great commotion in Strawberry Town. Somebody said that the North Wind was blowing the houses upside down and threatening to freeze everybody black. I looked out, and, sure enough, it was all true. The old people were trying to keep their heads on, and, as for the pretty white skirts of the babies, they were sailing around in torn bits all through the air. "What will become of us?" screamed little Wilson Berry in his tarest voice. "We shall all blow away."

"I am not half so much afraid of that as I am of freezing to death," piped up Miss Scarlet Cone, from the top story of her house, across the street.

"We are all chilled through now. What if everybody should die before morning?" So saying, two very cold tears rolled down her plump cheeks and splashed the roof of the lowest veranda.

Somebody said the tears were made of dew, as perhaps they were.

"Who cares what happens to us?" retorted gay, thoughtless Miss Wild Berry, who was just visiting her city cousins in Strawberry Town. "I am not very old, neither have I seen much of the ways of the world; but I have lived long enough to find out that just as soon as our people grow up to be anybody and begin to look fat and handsome, giants come along and steal them and pack them away in wooden boxes. That is the last of them so far as I know. For my part, I'd rather freeze on the spot, or blow away as far as the moon than to be stolen and put in a cage."

Everybody talked at once, and everybody was frightened, discouraged, and wretched. Suddenly there came a voice of command from the tallest leaf tower in Strawberry Town.

"Hark! Keep quiet there! I see a giant coming with a round, bright sun in his hand and the biggest bundle on his back that you ever saw. Who knows but he'll help us?"

The speaker was Grandpa Sharpless, who always looked on the bright side of things, as his name shows. He seemed to grow redder and fatter than ever trying to be heard.

The giant proved to be Uncle Will coming to the rescue. When he heard the frosty wind blow, he thought of the danger to Strawberry Town. So, lantern in hand, he gathered together a lot of sheets and blankets, and hurried up the hill. Soon the whole village was tucked under the stout, warm coverings and was at peace. But before anybody went to sleep I heard a good little pink cheeked berry say: "I shall never be afraid again. Everything happens for the best. I believe that we were made to grow up just as large and nice as we can, on purpose to be carried away in pretty wooden boxes, where we can be of use to somebody. I'm going to begin early in the morning to stretch out round and red, to see how soon I can go, too."

"So will I," and "I," said all the children, as they cuddled down for the night. Then the beautiful stars watched over the sleepers, and happy dreams came to the people of Strawberry Town.

*With malice toward none, with charity for all,  
with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see  
the right.*  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

For Every Other Sunday.

#### WHAT CHESTER FOUND.

BY ABBIE F. RANSOM.

WHEN Chester was five years old, his father moved into the country.

They had always lived in the city in a brick house, with brick houses on either side of them and other brick houses across the street. Chester had never seen the leaves come out upon a tree in the spring, and he knew nothing of how flowers grow and blossom.

This first summer in the country he enjoyed very much, and he learned a great many things. He watched the grass in the meadow turn from grayish brown to green, and saw it grow taller and taller, until one day his father cut it down with a big machine and his brothers gathered it in queer heaps like the pictures of mountains in Ralph's geography.

The next day they pitched it upon the big wagon, until scarcely anything could be seen except the wheels; and, after Chester had climbed away to the top of the load, the horses hauled it into the barn. Chester thought it very funny that, as soon as the grass was cut and lying in long rows upon the ground, it should be called hay instead of grass.

At first he could not understand it, but all of a sudden he began to laugh and said:

"Oh, I see how it is. We call an egg an egg; but, when we put it under old Feathers and she hatches out a chicken, we don't call it an egg any more 'cause it's turned into a chicken. That's the way with hay: it's just grass hatched out."

When the grass was cut the boys thought they had a fine place to play ball, and so they had; but one day, after they had been playing for some time, Myron threw the ball with such force that it went clear across the meadow and landed under the big pine-tree in the corner by the orchard. Ralph went to get it, but it had

rolled so far under the low branches that he could not reach it.

"Chester," he said, "will you crawl under and bring it out? See, there it is, 'way up close to the trunk of the tree."

"Let me try," said Myron. "I've got long arms."

He tried and tried again, but he could not so much as touch it; and Chester, who was so small he could get into a very little place, began to crawl under the branches of the pine-tree. They snagged his cap until it fell off, while the twigs and pine needles pricked his face and fingers; but he was a brave boy and did not mind a little hurt when he was trying to help his big brothers. So he kept on, getting a little further and then a little further under those branches which grew so thick and were so low that some of them rested upon the ground. He had almost reached the ball when, lifting up a stem which hung right before his face, he saw something which made him forget everything for a moment.

"Oh, Myron, Ralph!" he cried. "What do you suppose I've found?"

"Is it the ball I lost last week?" asked Ralph.

"A woodchuck's hole?" said Myron.

"No, 'tain't either one. It's Crooktail's nest, and there's seven eggs in it."

"How do you know it's her nest?" asked Ralph.

"'Cause mamma told me she had her nest over here somewhere, and she said she would give me ten cents if I found it. Gee! Ain't I glad you lost the ball, Myron!"

"Here, put them in my cap," said Ralph, as he reached it under the tree. "Be careful and not break them."

Chester took the cap and very carefully put the eggs, one by one, into it, and then passed it back to Ralph, who put it down upon the ground while Chester went in a little further and soon had the ball. Then he carried the eggs into the house and asked his mother to guess what he had in his cap. At first she thought it must be a kitty; and, when Chester said no, she asked if he had found some nice ripe berries. Chester laughed and shook his head, and then she guessed flowers for the vase on the dining-room table. But Chester said:

"No, mamma, it isn't any of those things: it's something a great deal nicer."

Mamma told him that the very nicest thing she knew was a little boy with bright eyes and a face that needed washing, and said she thought a dear little humbug had the cap and it must be that another and smaller humbug was inside of it. That made Chester laugh again; and he told her that, if she would give him two kisses, he would show her what he had even if she could not guess right. So mamma gave him the two kisses, and he opened the cap and she saw seven eggs, looking so white and fresh. Then she gave him a bright, new dime. He put it in his little bank which was shaped so much like the house they lived it, and then he and mamma went out to the barn where a white hen was sitting on twelve eggs. They put two of Crooktail's under her, and mamma said:

"There, Chester, I just gave Whitey her eggs this morning, and now she can have these two more. If they hatch all right, the little chicks may belong to you."

Three weeks afterward Chester went again to the barn with mamma, and, sure enough, the two eggs were gone, but in their places were two downy brown chickens with white streaks along their backs. Chester named one of them "Try" and the other he called "Get There," for he said:

"If I hadn't tried and tried very hard indeed, I couldn't have got under the tree. And, if I hadn't done that, I would never have found Crooktail's nest."

But mamma explained it in this way:

"It's like this, Chester," said she. "You found the nest because you were so willing to do what Ralph and Myron asked you to do, and you went at it in a good-natured way. It is always the boy who goes at his work with a smile on his face and bright eyes in his head who gets what he goes after."

#### THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was just passing by, And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why You are loved so much better by people than I?"

My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold, And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold; Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin!" said the bee, "'tis all very true; But, if I had half as much mischief to do, Indeed they would love me no better than you.

You have a fine shape and a delicate wing; They own you are handsome; but then there's one thing

They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see, Yet nobody ever is angry with me, Because I'm a harmless and diligent bee."

From this little story, let people beware; Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are, They will never be loved, though ever so fair.

*Selected.*

*For Every Other Sunday.*

#### STORY-TIME.

BY FRANCES HOWARD CARMAN.

IT was story-time, and mother, with her little flock, was sitting by the evening fire.

Mother, as she so often did, shut her eyes to see the story she would tell the eager listeners, and began.

"A little girl is sitting on a cottage doorstep. By her side is Fairy Love, and the birds are flying around, even lighting on her head and shoulders, well knowing they will have a share of the bread and milk she is eating.

"The little girl's name is Violet, and Fairy Love is nearly always by her side, whispering words of kindness and consideration for everything that comes within her shadow. Beautiful flowers bloom around her, and she is singing a little happy song, to tell of gratitude for all her blessings.

"She is as happy as the day is long; but in the midst of all her gladness a voice calls from the room within, and Violet quickly answers the call.

"Her mother bids her go to the well for some water, telling her not to loiter on the way.

"Violet starts off, accompanied by the fairies Love and Obedience. Her little bare feet scarcely touch the ground, it seems, as she skips along in her happiness; and the song she is singing is more beautiful than that of the birds, in its wild freedom.

"Suddenly she sees in her pathway a dear little rabbit. If she could only have this and keep it for her own. There is a mischievous little elf by her side now. His name is Forgetfulness, and he begins to talk so loudly that the voices of the fairies Love and Obedience cannot be heard.

"Away Violet goes like the wind. On and on the rabbit leads her, sometimes standing perfectly still, until she thinks she can put her hand on him, and then darting off with a swiftness beyond the power of any human being to reach. The chase lasted longer than Violet knew, when at last the rabbit reached a sweet-brier thicket and entered there, its ark of safety.

"When Violet can see it no more, the Fairy Recollection stands beside her, and now she sees her dear mother's face, and remembers she is waiting for her little girl to come.

"It will be a long time, perhaps an hour, before Violet can reach her home. Fairies Love and Obedience take her by the hand and lead her on, but now she is weary with her long run and cannot skip along as before.

"There seems to be a weight on her feet when she tries to hurry. The Fairy Regret is by her side now and makes her feel very sorrowful.

"At length the house is reached, and her mother stands in the doorway with such a troubled look on her face that she stands in shame and confusion before her. There is a great sympathy between this mother and child, so no words are needed to tell the mother her child is sorry she has been disobedient.

"My Violet!" The wondrous sweetness of the tone tells the child of her mother's forgiveness; and, springing forward, she nestles in her mother's arms as, it seems to me, the children must have nestled in the arms of Jesus when he lived here on the earth.

"Violet's mother, seeing the weariness of the child, sat down and began to sing in a low, sweet voice:

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to his fold;  
I should like to have been with him then.

"I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,  
'Let the little ones come unto me.'"

"Gradually her head comes closer to her mother's breast, the tired eyes close in sleep, and a beautiful dream comes to comfort Violet. She is wandering in a beautiful country, with an angel child by her side. All around flowers are blooming, the trees are waving their branches above her head, and the blue sky spreading above all.

"Glancing down she sees that always, as their feet touch the ground, flowers spring to life, and, turning to the child, she said, 'What country is this where all things are so peaceful and joyful?'

"This is the country of obedience, my little Violet."

"As she started from her dream, her mother's eyes were looking down into hers, and she nestled closer, very happy in the consciousness of perfect forgiveness."

Then our mother opened her eyes, saying, "Now story-time is over." And we all crowded around for our good-night kiss.

THE birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing, for in our modern thought the nation is the making-place of men.

THE safety of our nation and of our institutions in the future depends not only upon our Americanizing, but upon our Christianizing the foreign populations that come to make their home in our midst.

## THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,  
Thou callest its children a happy band;  
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle  
boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,  
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange, bright birds, on their starry  
wings

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral  
strand?"

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child?"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—  
It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

For Every Other Sunday.

## A FLOWER FABLE.

BY CORA A. HARRINGTON.

ONCE upon a time, in a large garden, were growing many kinds of beautiful flowers.

It was spring-time, and so of course there were beds of gay tulips and fragrant, more delicately colored hyacinths, stately white narcissi, velvety pansies, dainty daisies tipped with pink, forget-me-nots as blue as the sky above, violets, purple and white,—in fact all the bright and sweet blossoms of the season one could think of.

The gardener had been very busy for days putting everything in exquisite order: the turf was like soft green velvet, the paths rolled hard and even, and not a weed was visible in the freshly raked flower beds.

The flowers and birds and butterflies all knew that the cause of their extra care was the fact that the mistress of this beautiful garden, who had been away for a long time, was soon coming back. Of course every flower tried to be as beautiful as possible; and therefore it was no wonder that the proud gardener exclaimed, as he looked at the result of his care, "Well, I guess mistress hasn't seen a finer lot of flowers in all her travelling round than she'll find right here in her own garden."

After he had gone, the flowers began to talk among themselves, as they often did when alone.

A big scarlet tulip began it by saying: "I am sure the mistress never saw such beautiful tulips, any way. Look at our size and gorgeous colors! Why, no one for a moment could doubt that we are the most beautiful flowers ever seen. I really feel sorry for the rest of you poor insignificant things, for I fear the mistress will never care to even look at anything in her garden but her magnificent tulips!"

The other flowers were fairly amazed at this

bold statement; but a pink hyacinth said: "You may be very big and gay, saucy tulip; but no one would want to come near you long enough to admire you, for your breath is simply odious! Our sweet perfume fills the garden, and our colors are so delicate and lovely, I know the mistress will be simply delighted with her beautiful hyacinths."

"Oh, ho!" giped a yellow-and-black pansy, "that may be your opinion of your beauty; but didn't the gardener say he had never seen such rare varieties as there are among our flowers? No two alike, and so rich and odd that no one would care to more than glance at common every-day flowers of the regular color and style. Then, too, you see the gardener has planted more of us, which shows we are the ones the mistress loves best."

"But you have no grace, no stateliness, lying sprawled about on the ground," drawled a narcissus. "An aristocratic lady, like our mistress, likes flowers of her own type; and I fancy we shall meet with her highest approval."

And so the flowers, with the exception of the violets, which were fast asleep, and the forget-me-nots, which were too modest, wrangled all night over their claims to beauty and distinction.

The gardener was sorely grieved the next morning to find many flowers quite wilted, and wondered what had befallen them during the night.

When the mistress came, before entering the house she ran into the garden; but, hardly glancing at the fine blossoms, she made straight for the far corner where the violets grew. "Oh, you dear, modest little things!" she cried, as their delicious fragrance greeted her. "I knew I should find you nestled away in this cool, sheltered spot, where no one could think of looking if your sweetness did not betray you." And stooping, she carefully gathered a great bunch.

"Yes, the garden is lovelier than ever," she replied to the gardener's rather troubled look, as she passed through it again. "But you see what I love best." And she held up the bunch of violets.

Silence reigned for some time after the mistress had gone. Then a narcissus said, "And we never even thought of those insignificant violets!"

EVERY good citizen makes his country's honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.

Andrew Jackson.

## EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Is it possible? The Editor can hardly realize that another volume of *Every Other Sunday* has come to an end. It is now about fourteen years since we took the editorial pen in hand, and this year now closing has been as full of interest as any. Familiarity has not made matters less attractive, but rather the opposite. The old contributors and the new have happily combined to fill our columns with valuable articles and bright stories. Once more we give our hearty thanks to these sources of our prosperity.

The various departments have gone on with satisfactory results, although it would be more agreeable to the Editor if there were a larger number of answers to the Letter Box, Bible

Questions, Home Study Club. We have no doubt many carefully work out the problems presented, but do not care to take the trouble to send us the results. The prizes for the Home Study Club are awarded as follows: first prize, Miss Clara L. King, North Easton, Mass.; second, Mr. John Fairfield, Ware, Mass.; third, Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton, Mass. No prize was offered for the Department of Bible Questions; but the answers from one source were so creditable that the Editor has forwarded a book to Miss Mary E. Chapman, Washta, Ia., as a reward. She correctly answered fifty-five out of the fifty-six questions published. This seems to the Editor rather a remarkable showing. It is claimed, and quite accurately, that young people are not very well acquainted with the characters and incidents of the Bible. Miss Chapman has made a record which will somewhat offset this statement.

The Editor wishes to all the readers of *Every Other Sunday* a happy vacation, wherever the summer days may be spent. Have an open mind, keep in touch with nature, and fill up the springs of hope and enthusiasm. When the new volume opens, in September, we will tell our stories and compare our experiences. Meanwhile, let us begin by celebrating the Fourth of July in hearty fashion, and sing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

## LETTER-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 20.

ENIGMA XXI.—Association Day.

ENIGMA XXII.—John Quincy Adams.

ADDITIONS.—Proof, prose, praise, pounce, pox, pinch, peat, pear, peach, pin, pit, pink, pike.

CHARADE.—Firelight.

CONUNDRUM XVII.—Window pane.

CONUNDRUM XVIII.—One p.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 21.

ENIGMA XXIII.—William Penn.

ENIGMA XXIV.—Fourth of July.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Prussia, puss. Virginia, virgin. Oregon, ore. Idaho, Ida. Washington, washing.

RIDDLE.—A bell.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—XIII.

CHARADE.—Welcome.

Miss Margaret B. Beatley, Disciples School, Boston, has again forwarded correct answers to puzzles in Letter Box.

Willie Cone's answers were right, also.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

Dear Editor,—We are pretty busy these days, but have found time to find out a few of the puzzles in No. 19, which I send with love.

WILLIE H. CONE.

## EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

The uniform subscription price of *EVERY OTHER SUNDAY* is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday Schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools. Twenty-two numbers constitute a volume. Publication is suspended in July and August.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Boston.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,  
25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON